

Emma. I think I can. Is it not because all the people there are good? They have no naughty tempers; they never feel vexed; and they love the Saviour; and they are all friends; and Jesus Christ is with them.

Mama. Very true; and you remember that beautiful text you learnt a little while ago in the sixteenth Psalm, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Emma. Yes, and that text too, "In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." And the angels are there, and dear little sister Ann. You know, mama, though you cried so much about her, you told us she was gone to Heaven, and you hoped we should all go there, and then see her again.

Mama. I hope we shall; but we must pray that God will give us clean hearts, and make us new creatures, and forgive all our sins, and make us love to be *holy* and good as the angels are.

Emma. Oh, mama! that would be delightful indeed. Will God hear me if I pray for that?

Mama. Yes; if you *pray with all your heart.*

Emma. Then is that what Luther meant in his letter?

Mama. That is his *meaning*, only he uses other words, so that he might get his little boy to *think* about Heaven, and ask questions, and get them explained.

Emma. Thank you, dear mama; now I shall like to read the letter by myself, and then to read what Jesus Christ said about Heaven in the fourteenth chapter of John, and that beautiful account, too, at the end of the Revelation.

Mama. Well, find your own little Testament that papa gave you on your last birth-day, and read; and may you be like little Mary, who said to her mama, that she had a "large heart," and whose mama always prays that she may have a *tender* heart, and a *clean* heart, as well as a large heart.

P O E T R Y .**O CHILD OF THE HEATHEN LAND!**

O CHILD of the heathen land !
That dark and savage shore;
Where the victim's blood distaineth the strand,
And the idol cries for more !

O child of the heathen land !
Whose early steps have trod;
With the votive gift in thy tender hand,
The court of the painted god !

In love let me rend the veil
That clouds thy youthful eye ;
For the idol-rites will have none avail
When the hour of death is nigh.

Let me point thy anxious look
To the storied page of old ;
For treasures of joy in that glorious Book
Will the Spirit of grace unfold !

Let me lead thee to the Cross
Where Jesus died to save,
To ransom thy soul from eternal loss,
The dying beyond the grave !

O child of the heathen land !
Give Him thy early love,
And His voice shall cheer, and His gentle hand
Lead thy soul to its rest above.

W. M. W.

MISSIONARY HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

“THY KINGDOM COME.”

THY kingdom come! Almighty Lord,
Amongst our fallen race;
Soon may all people hear Thy word,
And know Thy saving grace.

Thy kingdom come, with pow'r divine,
Reign Thou from sea to sea;
All creatures and all souls are Thine;
Let all men worship Thee.

Thy kingdom come, with truth and peace,
And wisdom from above;
Let sin, and strife, and error cease;
And all men live in love:

Thy kingdom come, with blessings more
Than e'er this world has known;
When all their Maker shall adore,
And their Redeemer own:

Then shall all lands be fill'd with joy,
Saved from the curse of sin:
Thy praise shall every tongue employ,
And Heaven on earth begin.

Essex.

J. B.

HYMN ON THE SOUTH SEA MISSION.

NUMBERS; XXIII. 23.

BEHOLD what God has wrought
In the great Southern Sea!
Where all were savages untaught,
Now what a charge we see!

To frightful blocks of wood,
They once devotion paid ;
To gods that could not do them good,
Nor hear them when they pray'd.

Oft did the mother then
Her helpless infants kill ;
And men, like wild beasts, fought with men,
Each other's blood to spill.

But Missionaries went,
The Gospel to proclaim ;
They call'd those Heathens to repent,
And trust in Jesu's name.

They heard, and they received,
The glad and joyful sound ;
And when in Jesus they believed,
Life, hope, and peace they found.

And now they bow the knee
To idol gods no more ;
Forsake their crimes and cruelty,
And the true God adore.

And now their children live,
And learn to read His Word ;
While old and young together give
Their praises to the Lord.

Wide be that Gospel spread,
Which has such blessings brought,
Till everywhere it shall be said,
" Behold what God has wrought ! "